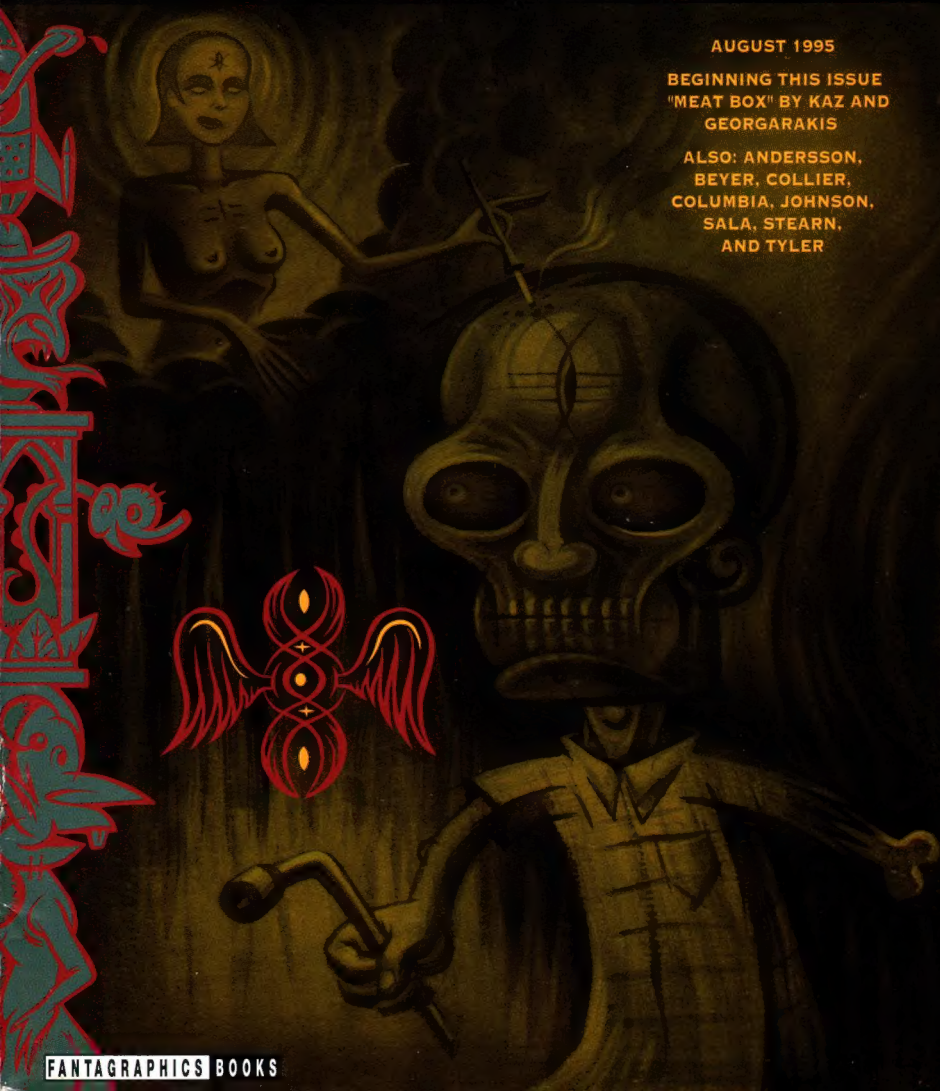


zero zero

AUGUST 1995

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE
"MEAT BOX" BY KAZ AND
GEORGARAKIS

ALSO: ANDERSSON,
BEYER, COLLIER,
COLUMBIA, JOHNSON,
SALA, STEARN,
AND TYLER





OPEN
UP, CAR-BOY!
I KNOW YOU'RE
IN THERE PLAYING
WITH YOURSELF
AGAIN

ANDERS/SON,

MAX

MAX ANDERSSON • IFC



JEFF JOHNSON • 11



RICHARD SALA • 4



TED STEARN • 2

CAROL TYLER • 25



DAVE COLLIER • 26



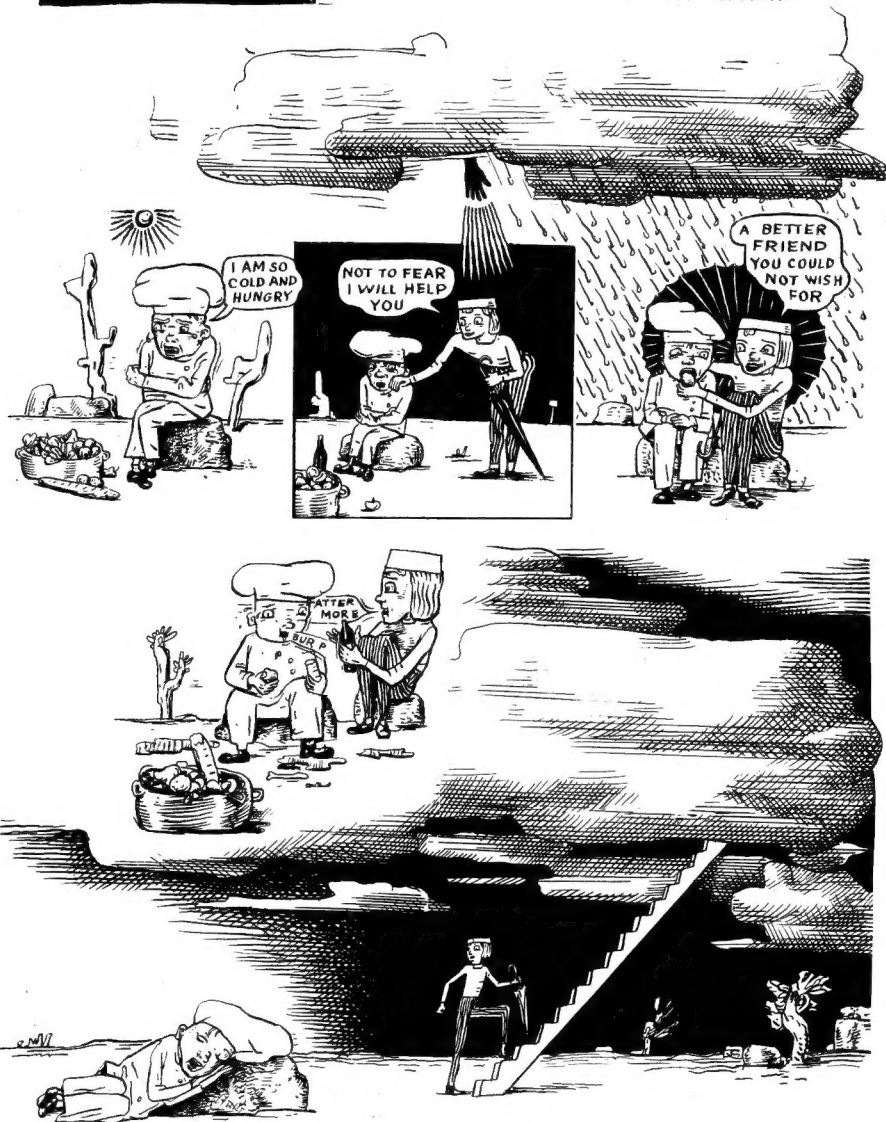
AL COLUMBIA • 17

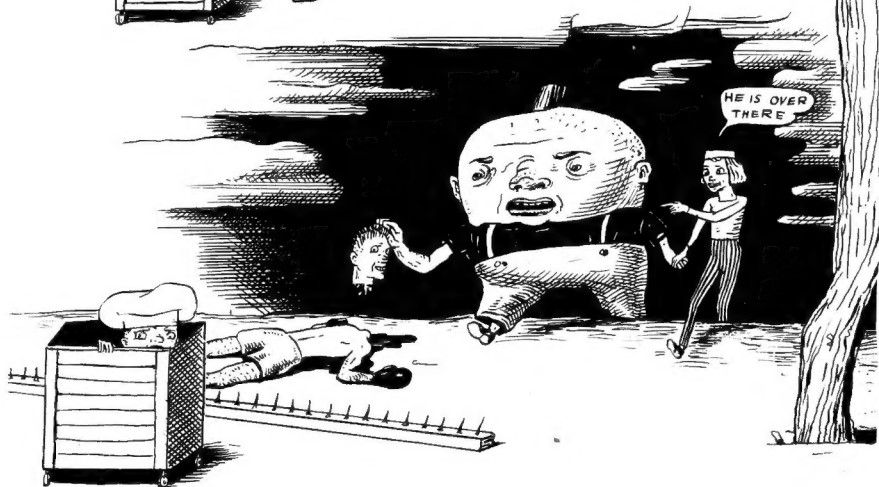
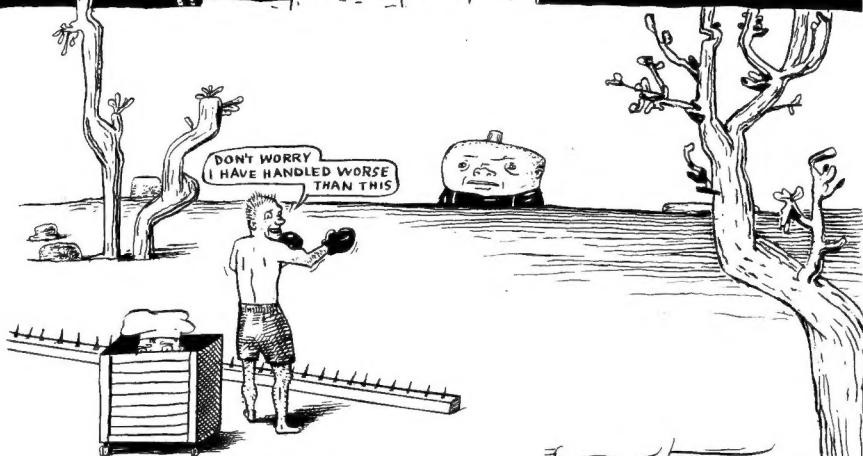


GEORGARAKIS & KAZ • 30

THE FORGOTTEN DREAM OF A MELANCHOLY CHEF.

BY TED STEARN.







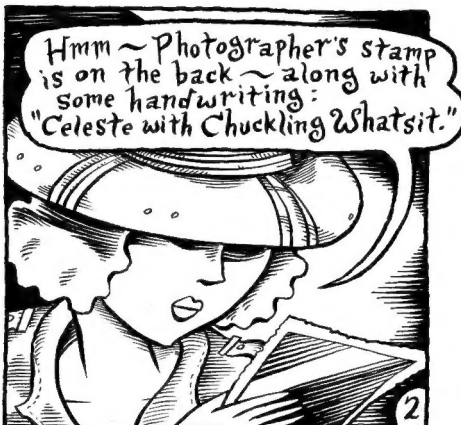
the Chuckling Whatsit

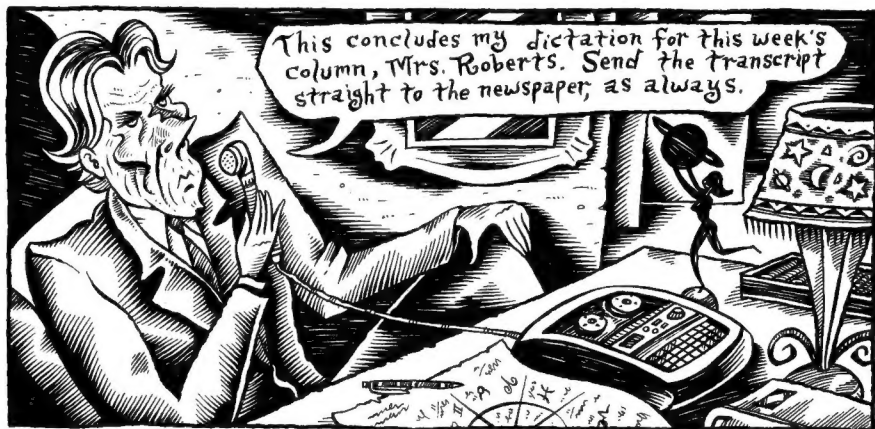
© 1995 Richard Sala

Previously ~

Unemployed writer Broom takes over the Guardian's astrology column under the byline "Venus." While writing his first installment ~ in the apartment of his predecessor, the late Cyril Root ~ he allows Abigail Aberdevine to search the place for information concerning mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, who Root once researched. Unaware that they are being spied on, Abigail finds something hidden behind a painting...







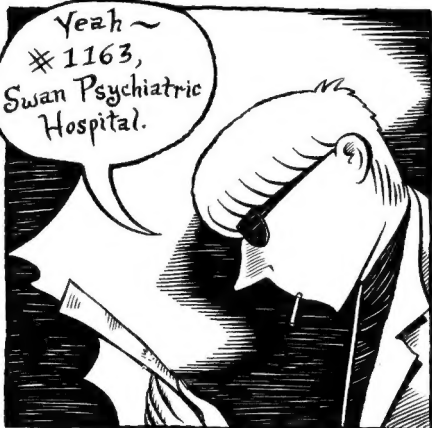
I thought that pin-up girl looked familiar. Doesn't this look like the same girl?



Could be. Is there any info on the back?



Yeah ~
* 1163,
Swan Psychiatric
Hospital.



Weird. Well, I think I've got enough for now. Thanks again.



Here's my phone
number. Will you
call me?...



... 'cause I want to talk to those
writers mentioned in that note.
You said you knew who they were,
right?







'Course, the cops think it's a copycat ~ and he doesn't have quite the same m.o. ~ y'know what I mean? The original Ghoul ~ he really was a ghoul ~ he always took a piece of his victims with him! This guy's similar, but he's got a different agenda!



Sure, fella ~ This one's got a special grudge against those guys who write horoscopes for the news-papers. He's croaked, like, five or six of 'em.



What?~

Well, gotta be goin'! Nice talkin' to you, fella.

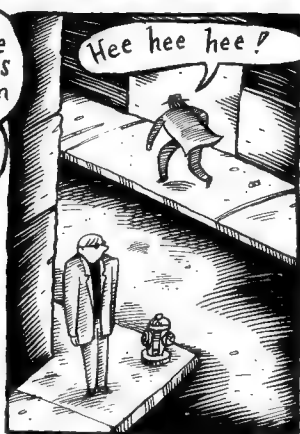


Wait ~ tell me more about ~ what you just said ~

But, hey ~ You're in luck! See that house on the corner? There's a meeting, going on in there right now ~ and they know all about it! Hee hee!

Sorry fella ~ gotta run!

Hee hee hee!



to be continued

GRUESOME CHARLIE

IN "NO ERECT PENISES"

HURRY UP, PEARL--WE'RE GONNA BE LATE!
HOLD YOUR HORSES, CHARLIE--THEY WON'T START WITHOUT US!

YES, YOU KNOW.

NO--I DON'T REMEMBER ANY DAMN DANCING FROG EARRINGS!

WELL, YOU BOUGHT THEM FOR ME, ON VACATION...

WELL, I CAN'T LOOK FOR SOMETHING IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

OH, JUST GO LOOK IN MY EARRING BASKETS. HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO FIND A PAIR LIKE THAT?

GOD DAMN IT

ALTHOUGH, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, YOU'VE PROBABLY BLOCKED IT OUT OF YOUR MEMORY, CONSIDERING HOW 'TRAUMATIC' OUR LITTLE TRIPS ALWAYS ARE FOR YOU--I HAVE TO TWIST YOUR ARM JUST TO GET YOU THERE, AND THEN YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING. IT'S AMAZING I EVER COME BACK WITH ANYTHING!

I SWEAR, YOU'RE SUCH A CHILD--WHY IS IT SO HARD FOR YOU TO DO ANYTHING WITHOUT MY HELP?

SHUT UP.

DON'T TELL ME TO SHUT UP!

PEARL, DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY EARRINGS YOU HAVE IN HERE?

AND THEY'RE ALL TANGLED TOGETHER IN ONE MASS!

HALF OF THEM ARE BROKEN

I'LL NEVER FIND THAT PAIR!

WELL? HOW DO I LOOK?

SAME AS YOU'VE LOOKED FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, WOMAN!

THANKS, CHARLIE. I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU FOR AFFIRMATION.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE THOSE EARRINGS ARE--THE ONES WITH THE LITTLE DANCING FROGS?

DANCING FROGS?

WE BOUGHT THE EARRINGS IN QUESTION ON SHALLOW ISLAND. IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, BUT IT WAS ALSO ONE OF OUR HAPPIEST TIMES TOGETHER.

CHARLIE, WE REALLY DON'T HAVE THE TIME.

MY MEMORY'S ALWAYS BEEN BAD--YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MORE SPECIFIC...

WHAT?

WHAT?

MUMBLE MUMBLE YOURSELF.

FINE, FINE,
STOP WHINING;
THESE WILL DO.

LET'S GO.

FINALLY...

SO, ARE YOU NERVOUS
ABOUT SEEING REX
AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS?

NO... WELL, YES. I KNOW
HE'LL BRAG AND BRAG
ABOUT HIS SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

I'M EMBARRASSED
THAT WE DON'T
HAVE MORE TO
SHOW FOR OUR
LIVES THAN
THIS TINY
APARTMENT--
WE'RE BOTH
STILL STRUG-
GLING TO GET
BY-- I'M A
WAITRESS AND
YOUR SO-CALLED
'CAREER' HAS
GONE NO-
WHERE.

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE--

NO-- I'M SORRY, CHARLIE, BUT
DRAWING UNFUNNY, MORBID
'COMICS' FOR PORN
MAGAZINES DOES
NOT AMOUNT TO
ANYTHING EVEN
REMOTELY
RESEMBLING
A 'CAREER'!

WELL, I PAY
MY SHARE OF
THE BILLS!

YES, I KNOW-- AND
IT 'FULFILLS' YOU,
AND ALL THAT GAR-
BAGE, BUT DON'T
YOU SEE, THIS IS THE
BARE MINIMUM--
WE JUST GET BY--
WE NEVER HAVE
ENOUGH TO REALLY
ENJOY LIFE!

I ENJOY MY LIFE
JUST FINE, THANK
YOU!

I WOULDN'T
TRADE WITH MR.
MIDDLE-CLASS
COMPUTER ANALYST
IN A MILLION
YEARS...

HA HA-- YOU ALWAYS GET
THAT TONE IN YOUR VOICE
WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT
REX-- YOU'RE REALLY
THREATENED BY HIM,
AREN'T YOU?

THREATENED?
HAH! HE'S FAR
TOO BLAND TO BE
THREATENING.
I JUST THINK
IT'S SICKENING
HOW YOU FAWN
OVER HIM--

AND DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T
NOTICED HOW YOU GO TO SUCH
GREAT LENGTHS TO 'PREPARE'
YOURSELF WHENEVER WE
SEE HIM.

ACTUALLY, THAT'S MORE
FOR THE SAKE OF HIS NEW
WIFE-- WE'VE NEVER
MET HER, AND I
WANT TO MAKE A
GOOD IMPRES-
SION.

WHAT YOU MEAN IS--
YOU WANT TO LOOK
BETTER THAN
SHE DOES!

MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME
TO NEVER
LET ANOTHER
WOMAN LOOK
BETTER THAN I
DO, IN THESE
SITUATIONS.

YOUR MOTHER'S
AN INSUFFERABLE
BITCH.

TRUE.
WELL, I'VE ALWAYS
LOOKED BETTER THAN
REX'S WIVES AND
GIRLFRIENDS. THEY
ALL TEND TO BE A
CERTAIN--
TYPE.

MORONIC
AND PLAIN. JUST
WHAT HE DESERVES

IT'S REALLY PRETTY
OBVIOUS THAT I'M
THE ONE HE'S
WANTED ALL
ALONG-- THOSE
OTHER WOMEN
JUST DON'T
COMPARE!

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING
SHIT LIKE THAT-- SO WHY
DID YOU STICK WITH
ME, HUH? WHY AREN'T
YOU WITH HIM-- OR
ONE OF HIS LK?

BAH!
YOU MAKE
ME SICK--

WELL, BECAUSE
YOU'RE RIGHT-- HE'S
GOT SECURITY, BUT
HE'S PRETTY BORING.
AT LEAST WE HAVE
SOME CHEMISTRY.

CHEMISTRY? IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL IT? I GUESS WE MUST BE TWO SUBSTANCES THAT EXPLODE WHEN COMBINED, THEN...

DID YOU BRING SOME OF YOUR STORIES? HE WAS EAGER TO SEE THEM.

YEAH, RIGHT. LIKE I'M SURE HE HADN'T SEEN THESE MAGAZINES BEFORE

YEAH--I SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK A WINNER.

WELL, IT'S NOT MUCH FOR YOU TO BRAG ABOUT, BUT AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING, RIGHT?

DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS, I SETTLED FOR BEING A PORNOGRAPHER LONG AGO. I DON'T HAVE ANY PRETENSIONS.

Stuff your FACE...

WELL, THAT'S GOOD.

HOW MANY?

TWO. BUT OUR FRIENDS MAY ALREADY BE HERE. WE'RE THE PAYNES.

OH, YEAH. THIS WAY, PLEASE.

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Rex!

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SO LONG. HOW ARE YOU-- YOU LOOK GREAT-- BLAH BLAH

PEARL, MEET APRIL. SHE'S A SOCIAL WORKER.

Hi!

Hi!

I'M QUITTING MY JOB SOON

YEAH, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, HONEY--

BUT--

SO, "GRUESOME" CHARLIE? HOW YA BEEN? STILL DRAWING THAT PERVERSED STUFF? HA HA

YEP

GREAT-- GOOD TO SEE YOU STUCK WITH IT, MAN. YOU MAKING MUCH MONEY?

THAT'S TOO BAD-- I DON'T MEAN TO BRAG, BUT I'M GLAD I CHOSE MY FIELD, BECAUSE IT JUST KEEPS GROWING...

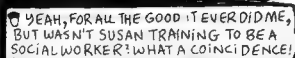
WHAT DOES?

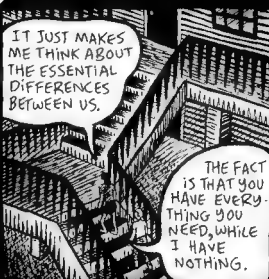
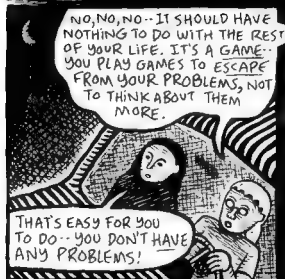
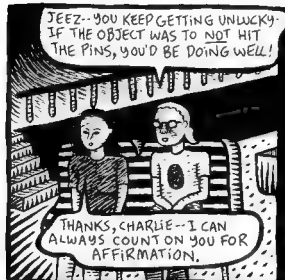
NO, NOT REALLY.

HEH... NEVERMIND, HONEY. SO, "GRUESOME" DID YOU BRING ANY RECENT STUFF? OR SHOULD WE WAIT UNTIL AFTER WE'VE DIGESTED OUR MEALS? HA HA HA

HEE HEE...?









HEY
NOW



SEYMOUR SUNSHINE Co

OINK
OINK



UNISHNERIBLE the MONKEY-BOY

ACHTUNG!

Mr. Crowley of number 47 Right Lane
hereby offers a

REWARD

in excess of

1.000.000.000

GUARANTEED to the first person who can successfully
acquire one of the fabled boomerbird pies made
by the elusive and reclusive White Cinnamon twins.
Or, more accurately, it should be made plain that of
these legendary shikings, one is now dead...butchered
in a sound sleep by his own likeness. The twins
were rumored to have grown increasingly suspicious
of one another, often quarrelling over each other's flavor
or boomerbird; each confrontation worse than the last.

After murdering his brother Max, Cinnamon Jack
confined himself to the house they had both shared
all their lives. There, he began formulating curious
confections with queer properties.

BOHEMEAL?

WHAT TH'Y
FLUX IS NONE-
MEAL?

MOMENT AN
OARING - THIS LOOKS
TOO GOOD Y'BE TRUE.

I don't know, really...It just
sounded cool. Anyway...
the years have taken old
Jack's vision and he's gone
blind as bat. Fortunately,
we didn't stop his crazed
baking as I had feared.
So friend, will you do my
baking?

HAW! AN'LL SAY!
DAMN... AN'D CUT
OFF MAN OWN BALLS
FOR THAT KINDA
DOUGH!

WHINE?

SLAP

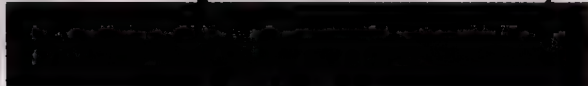
SLAP

SHWANN

HAR!

And so the pilgrims raised their snails
and cast their hearts to the west.
With nary a bee nor bird to guide them—
save for the shivery anticipation of idle fortune
and cheap women...

HAR!

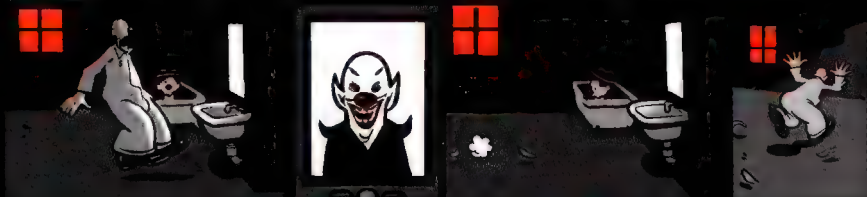


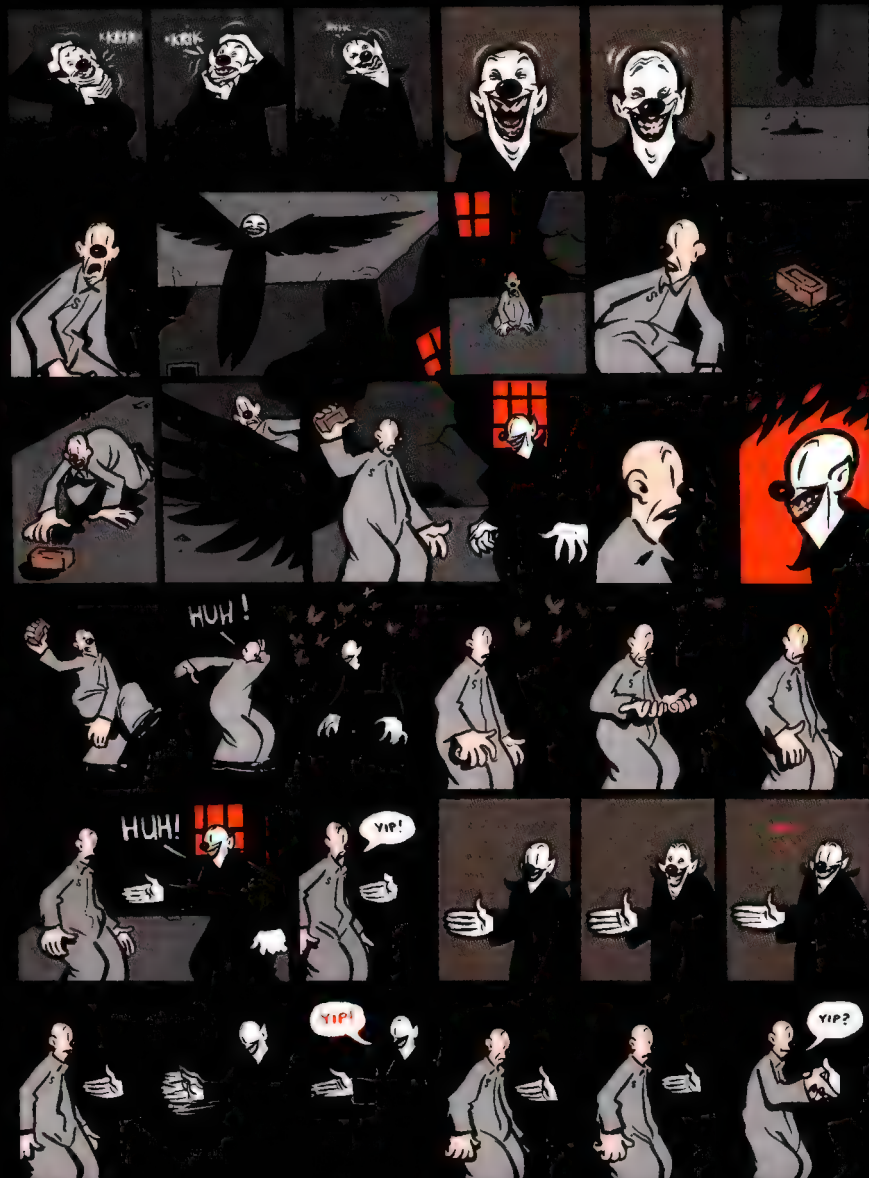
SOON...











PLEASE TO
MAKE YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE

OH, SURE
SURE

S E Y M O U R

I WORSHIP THE DEVIL BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST I

S U N S H I N E

★ **HEY KIDS!** always remember to get along with the cinnamon boy



My sincerest apologies to Max and Dave Fletcher

Thanks to Kim Thompson

The LICKER

in

"LOST BOOBIE-CHAIN BLUES"

©1995



C. Tyler

SEEN MY
BRASSIERE
KITTY?

ALL THIS
LICKIN' - UH
I MEAN LOOKIN'
IS MAKIN' ME
CRAZY!

AND HUNGRY!

Ooh...
LATEX

P.U. MAYBE
IT GOT THROWN
IN HERE.

CAN'T
HELP
IT.

I'M ANXIOUS
AND LOST
WITHOUT
MY

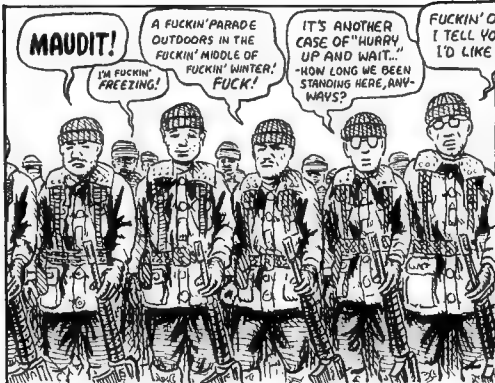
BOILS!

WHERE'D JA
FIND IT!

SCOOBY'S
IN MY
SLEEP.
SO WO'LL
IT BE?

REFRIED!
2 IN EACH.
yum
yum!

SLURP



THE NEW WAR!

It is well war is so terrible, or we should grow too fond of it." ROBERT G. LEE

IT WAS IN THE 1950'S WHEN THE AMERICAN EXTREME RIGHT STARTED TO GROW INTO WHAT WE RECOGNIZE TODAY. THE FIRST SIGHTING OF THIS ILK WAS SHORTLY AFTER THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION, WHEN SENATOR THOMAS E. DODDS OF CONNECTICUT PROPOSED A BILL LIMITING THE SALE OF GUNS BY MAIL. THREE MEN IN BAGDAD, ARIZONA, GOT INTO A CAR AND DROVE ALL THE WAY TO WASHINGTON TO OPPOSE IT!



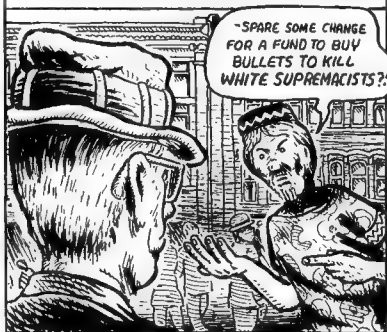
WHEN LISTENING TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE EXTREME RIGHT, ONE WONDERS, NOT ABOUT HOW AMERICA CAME TO BE IN SUCH DIRE STRAITS, BUT ABOUT HOW THE COUNTRY HAS MANAGED TO SURVIVE SO LONG AT ALL!



THE EXTREME RIGHT, HOWEVER, AREN'T THE ONLY ONES INTO WEAPONS, THEY JUST HAPPEN TO BE MOST COMPETENT IN THEIR USE...IT'S BEEN SAID THAT IN HIGH SCHOOL, THOSE WHO GREW UP TO BE VIOLENT LEFT-WINGERS PAID MOST ATTENTION IN SOCIAL STUDIES, WHILE THOSE WHO GREW UP TO BE VIOLENT RIGHT-WINGERS PAID MOST ATTENTION IN SHOP!



THUS, EVEN AT BROADWAY & PIKE IN SEATTLE CAN YOU FIND THOSE WHO VIEW WEAPONS AS HANDY!



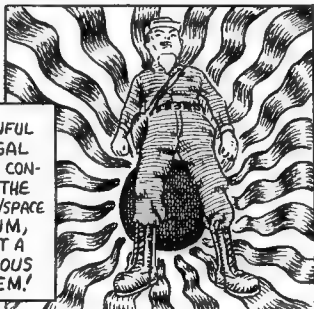
HOW DOMESTIC SECURITY FORCES YEARN FOR THE GLAM-OROUS DAYS OF OLD-THERE WAS NO WORRYING ABOUT WHITE ASSHOLE MIDDLE AMERICA,"SUPER PATRIOTS" AS THE CIVILIAN MILITIAS REFER TO THEMSELVES...NO,LIFE WAS CUT & DRIED...

LOOK AT PRE-WORLD WAR TWO JAPAN! THERE, YOU HAD GROUPS KNOWN AS "DOUBLE PATRIOTS." THEY SAW THEMSELVES AS PATRIOTIC AS THE GOVERNMENT X 2!



I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THE DARK-SKINNED, AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT-LONG-HAIRED-MIDDLE EASTERN-BLACK PANTHER GANG RIGHT NOW CHIEF!!

WHEN LAWFUL AND ILLEGAL PATRIOTISM CONVERGE ON THE SAME TIME/SPACE CONTINUUM, YOU'VE GOT A DANGEROUS PROBLEM!



AND IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH, INDIVIDUAL WHITE MALES JUST FEEL GENERALLY FUCKED OVER, LOST IN THE SURF OF FEMINISM'S AND MINORITY-RIGHT'S RISING TIDE!



BITCHES! I WOULD'A MADE IT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM...

I KNOW, I REMEMBER... I WAS THERE ON THAT BITTER PARADE SQUARE NORTH OF QUÉBEC CITY IN THE LATE AFTERNOON ON THAT DECEMBER DAY! STANDING THERE, IN THE COLD... IT GIVES YOU TIME TO THINK!



...NOW 'EM ALL DOWN!

IT'S A CULTURAL FAILING OF OURS THAT MAKES COMBAT OR COMBAT TRAINING JUST ABOUT THE ONLY RITUAL RITE OF PASSAGE FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD, ONE OF THE FEW CHANCES YOUR MOM & SISTER HAVE TO CRY OVER YOU...



JUST YESTERDAY HE WAS A LITTLE BOY!

I KNOW, MA!

DEPARTURES →

THIS LACK OF ANY ALTERNATIVE PLACE TO PROVE ONE'S MANHOOD RESULTS IN A WARRIOR SOCIETY THAT IS THE NATIONAL CLEARING-HOUSE FOR MALE NARCISSISM. STOP IN AT ANY DISCOTHEQUE IN ANY SMALL CITY OR TOWN ADJOINING AN ARMY BASE AND YOU CAN SEE THEM: YOUNG SOLDIERS WEARING AS MUCH MILITARY-ISSUE GEAR AS OFF-DUTY RULES WILL ALLOW, BELIEVING THEMSELVES IRRESISTABLE TO WOMEN!



FOXES!

I'M IN THE ARMY Y'KNOW!

I WOULD'VE NEVER GUESSED!

GUM CLOTHES

ULTIMATELY, HOWEVER, THE NEW WARRIOR OF TODAY TENDS TO FIND GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED ARMIES TOO CONFINING, TOO SLOW TO WAKE UP TO THE FACT THAT THE MODERN WAR ZONES ARE IN THE STREETS OF OUR CITIES, WHERE THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO'D DEARLY LOVE TO KILL US!



IT'S THE STRESS OF LIFE IN THE GLOBAL VILLAGE... MOST OF US LEARN TO COPE; GENTLE READERS RATIONALIZE...



WHILE THE NEW WARRIOR IS CONCERNED WITH ONLY WITH ONE WORD: **VENGEANCE!**



YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE NEW WARRIOR ALL YOU WANT TO NOW, BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY AFTER WORLD WAR THREE WHEN IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

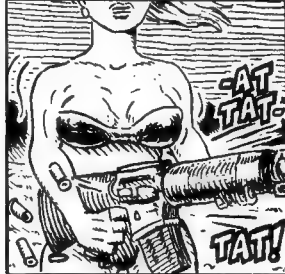
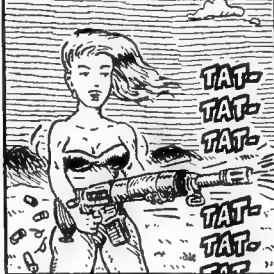
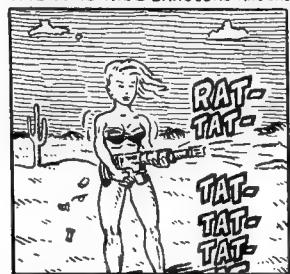


AH WELL, AS THEY SAY, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND BOYS IS THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS, RIGHT?

HOWEVER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEND A LOT OF MONEY BUILDING YOUR PERSONAL ARSENAL--THERE ARE SOME TRUE BARGOONS AROUND!

TAKE YOUR AK47 FOR INSTANCE! UNTIL RECENTLY, IT COULD BE HAD--COMPLETE WITH THREE 30-ROUND MAGAZINES, CLEANING KIT AND BAYONET--FOR LESS THAN \$300!

OTHER MANUFACTURERS, WHILE OFFERING A MORE EXPENSIVE WEAPON, HAVE USED CLEVER MARKETING--SUCH AS PROMOTIONAL VIDEOS SHOWING THE RECOIL EFFECT ON MODEL'S BREASTS--TO FUEL INTEREST IN THEIR PRODUCT!



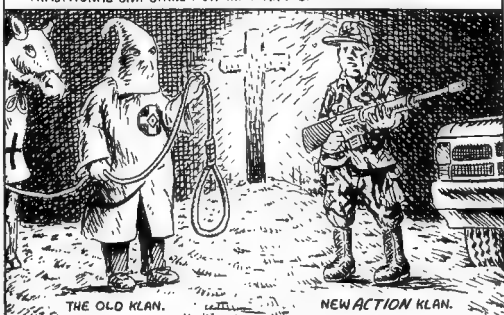
AS A RESULT OF PARAMILITARY CULTURE, INSECURE MEN WITH LOW SELF-ESTEEM HAVE FOUND NEW ROLES FOR THEMSELVES IN SOCIETY; IN THEIR OWN MINDS

FLUFFY, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA FIGHT FOR JUSTICE, AND IF IT MEANS GOING BEYOND TH' PERIMETERS OF THE LAW THEN SO BE IT!!



THEY'VE BEEN REBORN AS HEROIC FIGURES!

AND SPEAKING OF REBIRTH, IT'S A SIGN OF OUR TIMES THAT EVER SINCE THE NOVEMBER 3RD 1979 MASSACRE OF FIVE ANTI-KLAN DEMONSTRATORS AT A "DEATH TO THE KLAN" RALLY IN GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, MEMBERS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN HAVE BEEN EXCHANGING THEIR TRADITIONAL UNIFORMS FOR MILITARY CAMOUFLAGE FATIGUES!



THEY AIN'T FIGHTING FOR MUCH... BEYOND THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF MALE GROUPS AND THE NOBILITY OF BATTLE, THESE PARA-MILITARY GROUPS DON'T BELIEVE IN MUCH... THERE'S NO NEW SOCIETY TO BUILD, NOTHING TO GO "HOME" TO... THESE GUYS ARE JUST INTO WAR!

...AND NOW GENERAL FRANKENFORTH OF THE EAU CLAIRE AND GREATER WISCONSIN MILITIA WILL INSPECT THE TROOPS TEN-HUT!!



OF COURSE TODAY ONE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A "JOINER" TO BE A PARTICIPANT IN THE NEW WAR. THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN SERIAL MURDER, THE KILLING OF ONE OR TWO PEOPLE AT A TIME OVER LONG PERIODS, BUT BEFORE THE 1980'S MASS MURDER WAS A RELATIVELY RARE PHENOMENON. IN 1904, JAMES HUBBERTY KILLED 21 IN A PREDOMINANTLY LATINO McDONALD'S IN SAN DIEGO, AND AS THE DECADE PROGRESSED THE FREQUENCY OF THESE BLOODY SLAUGHTERS INCREASED. BY 1987, THE YEAR THAT SAW THE FIRST NEW WAR MASS MURDERS IN AUSTRALIA AND EUROPE - WHERE MICHAEL RYAN KILLED 16 IN HUNGERFORD, ENGLAND - THE MOODS OPERANDI HAD ALREADY BECOME COMMON: ① TARGET YOUR GROUP; ② GET A SEMIAUTOMATIC; ③ DRESS UP IN YOUR CAMMIES...



'89 WAS A PARTICULARLY BAD YEAR... BY THE BEGINNING OF DECEMBER, 16 PEOPLE, INCLUDING ASIAN-AMERICAN CHILDREN IN A STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA SCHOOL YARD, HAD BEEN KILLED BY LONE GUNMEN...

REMEMBERING WHERE YOU WERE WHEN EVENTS WERE GOING ON... FOR A BYGONE GENERATION, THE KIDNAPPING OF THE LINDBERGH BABY WAS SOMETHING DEEPLY REMEMBERED, MANY FROM ANOTHER GENERATION REMEMBER WHERE THEY WERE & WHAT THEY WERE DOING WHEN THEY FOUND OUT THAT PRESIDENT KENNEDY HAD BEEN SHOT? MAYBE SOME OF THESE KIDS RUNNING AROUND TODAY WILL BE REMEMBERING WHERE THEY WERE WHEN THEY FOUND OUT THAT THE "COLUMBIA" OR OKLAHOMA CITY HAD BLOWN UP? ME, I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHERE I WAS ON DECEMBER 9TH 1989, WHEN MARC LÉPINE WAS IN THE ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTRÉAL SHOOTING 27 WOMEN... THE GUY NEXT TO ME ON THE PARADE SQUARE WAS DOING SOME HORSING AROUND...



© DAVID COLLIER '95

ALL THIS HAPPENED IN CANADA - A COUNTRY WITH GUN CONTROL COMING OUT THE ASS - BUT MORE GUN CONTROL IS THE ONLY SOLUTION THAT PEOPLE ARE INTO... PARA-MILITARY CULTURE AS A WHOLE? WHY SHUX, THAT'S JUST ANOTHER LITTLE OL' ECCENTRIC HOBBY THAT SOME FOLKS ARE INTO, RIGHT?!

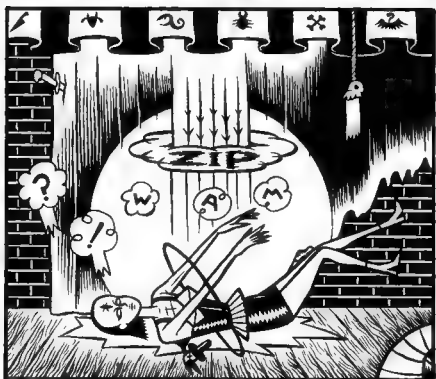
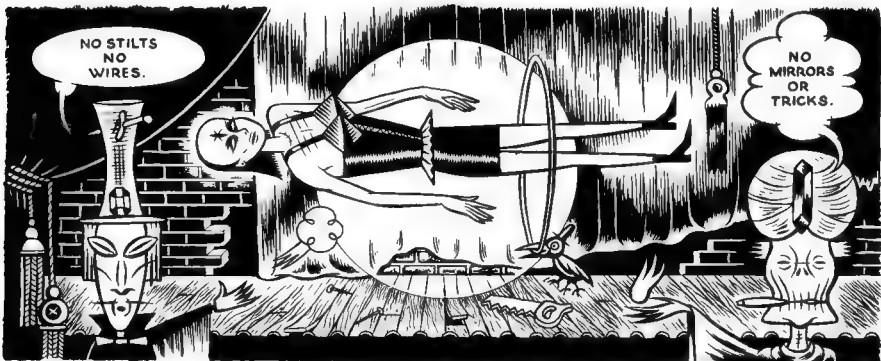
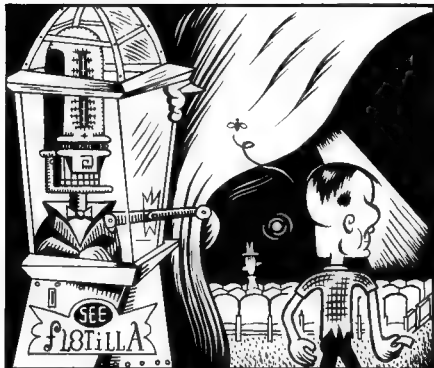
YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF FEMINISTS, AND I HATE FEMINISTS!

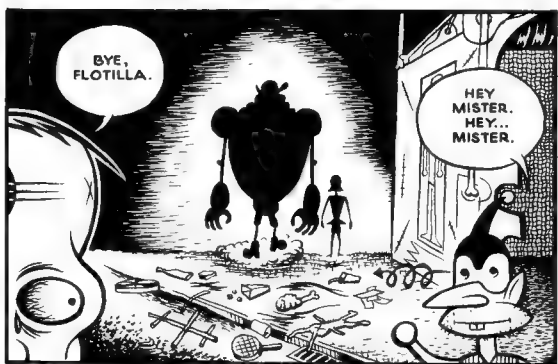
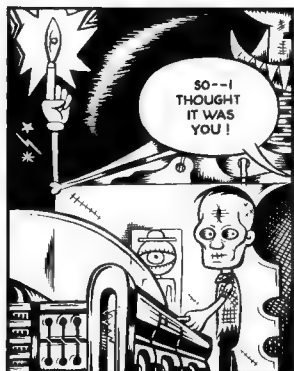
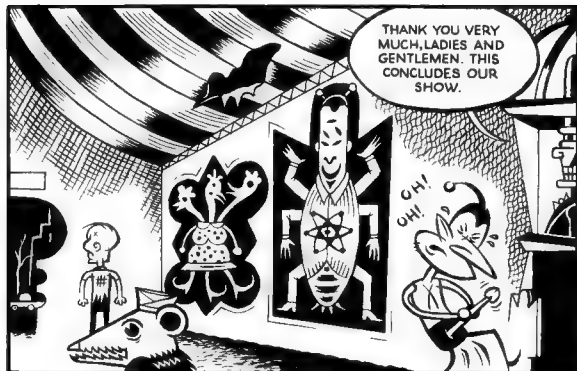


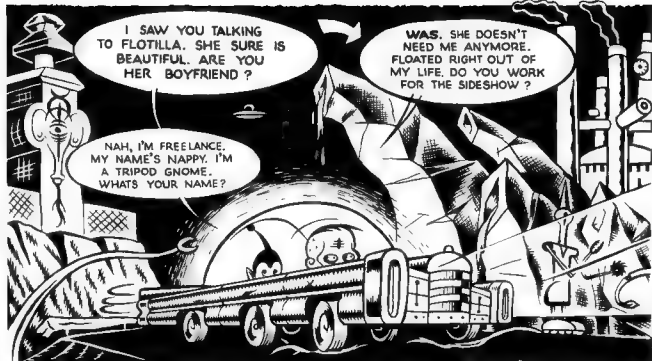
-FOR MORE ALONG THESE LINES, CHECK OUT: "WARRIOR DREAMS - PARAMILITARY CULTURE IN POST-VIETNAM AMERICA," BY JAMES H. GIBSON!

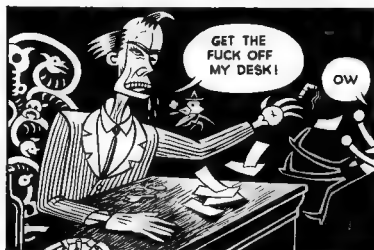
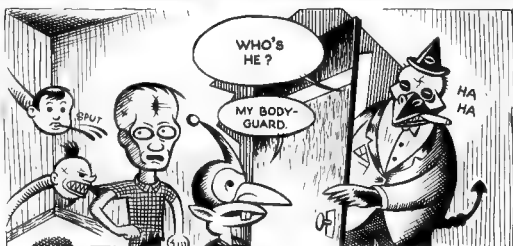
MEAT











WHO'S THIS FRESH
PIECE OF
BOY MEAT?

MY NAME'S
ASH.

SCritch
CLINK

YOU'RE A CHARMING LAD,
ASH. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO
BE MODIFIED INTO A HOT
SEXY WORM BOY, HMMM?

LET ME
DO IT.

NO WAY!
HE'S MY BODY-
GUARD! KEEP
YOUR HANDS
OFF!

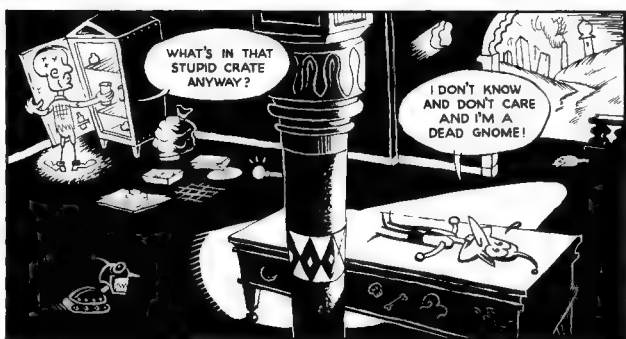
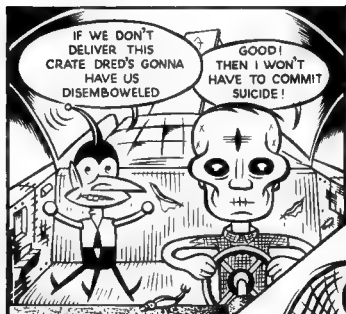
BAH! YOU WORMPHOBES
SICKEN ME! THERE'S A LARGE BOX
OUT BACK. I WANT YOU TO RETURN IT TO
THE CARNIVAL TONIGHT!

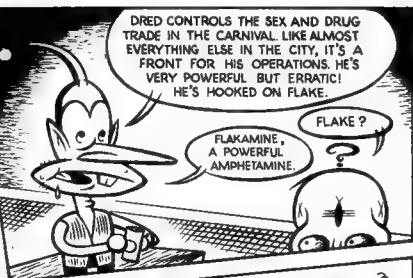
OUT BACK

WOW! DRED'S
PAYING ME DOUBLE
FOR THIS JOB AND
WE GET TO
GO BACK TO THE
CARNIVAL FOR
ANOTHER SHOW.

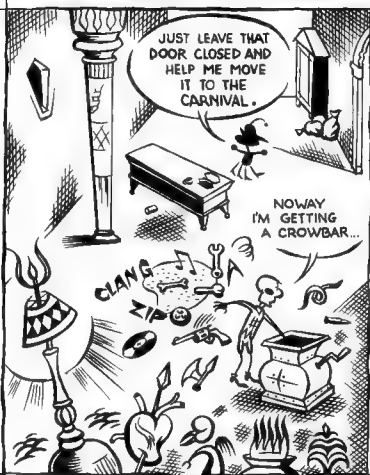
LISTEN,
NAPPY.
THERE'S NO
WAY I'M
GOING BACK
TO THE
CARNIVAL.

THE
BOX









THE END PART ONE

zero zero

Editor Kim Thompson
Art Director
Jim Blanchard
Production Assistant:
Loren Traves
Technical Support
Pappy White
Cover Timothy
Georgarakis
Back Cover Mark Beyer
Back Cover Computer
Coloring: Rebecca Bower
Contributing Cartoonists
(present) Max
Anderson, Mark Beyer,
David Collier, Al
Columbia, Timothy
Georgarakis, Jeff
Johnson, Kaz, Richard
Sala, Ted Stearn, Carol
Tyler
Contributing Cartoonists
(past & future) Rick
Allegretto, Charles Burns,
Joe Coleman, Darrin
Darcy, Kim Deitch,
Simon Deitch, Mike
Diana, Michael Dougan,
Bob Fingerman, Mary
Fleener, Drew Friedman,
Justin Green, Bill
Griffith, David Holzman,
Mataf?, David Mazzuc-
chelli, Pat Moriarty,
Mark Newgardner,
Archer Prewitt, Frank
Stack, Henriette Valium,
Chris Ware, Mack
White, Op Williamson,
J.R. Williams,
Jim Woodring
Promotion Tammy
Watson
Circulation: West Counts,
Kitty Ireland

ZEROWELCOMES...

In addition to biographical notes on **ZERO ZERO** cartoonists, this column includes information on availability of other books, zines, and miscellaneous products by these selfsame cartoonists. An "FB" next to the price means the volume in question was released by Fantagraphics Books and is therefore available directly from us. (Call 800-857-1100 to get our new catalogue.) This issue, the "FB's are everywhere, turning this page into an almost embarrassing orgy of self-promotion. Almost.

We are uncommonly delighted to greet no fewer than six new **ZERO ZERO** contributors in this, the fourth issue,

Mr. **Al Columbia**, certainly one of the big cartoon discoveries of the last few years both for his warped imagination and his eye-popping skills as an illustrator, contributes the two-color story "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Cool" - a fragment left over from the self-immolation of his solo comic **THE BIOLOGIC SHOW**, which lasted two issues (published by FB, of course) before

Columbia decided to discontinue it for some damn artistic reasons. Those who were following the series will be relieved to know that "Peloria," the serial that began in the second and

final issue (a.k.a. #1 - don't ask) will instead appear as a full-length graphic novel from Fantagraphics in early 1996.

Also premiering this issue, with the first of (we hope) many chapters of "Meat Box," are Msrs. **Kaz and Timothy Georgarakis**. Only the dullest and most ignorant reader will be unaware that the multi-talented and succinctly-named Kaz has labored long and hard to produce a substantial body of work in

the cartoon field, including two collections (the monstrous **BUZZBOMB**, featuring work from **RAW** and elsewhere, and the recent **UNDERWORLD**, collecting his weekly syndicated "Peanuts for psychopaths" strip). Kaz is currently hard at work assembling his third collection, tentatively titled **SIDETRACK CITY**; volumes 2 and 3 of **SNAKE EYES**, which Kaz co-edited with fellow Zero Zero contributor Glenn Head, are also still available from FB. As to **Timothy Georgarakis**, man of mystery, all will be revealed next issue.

The fourth **ZERO ZERO** virgin



this issue is **Jeff Johnson**, a highly acclaimed mini-comics self-publisher whose three-issue mini-series **NURTURE THE DEVIL** (from FB - where else?) was released last year to great

acclaim and indifferent sales. Un daunted, Mr. Johnson is currently laboring on his first full-length graphic novel, **SAD BRAT, BAD STAR**, which will be published by, big surprise, Fantagraphics Books later in the year.

Another fresh face this issue is the lovely and talented **Carol Tyler**, whose uncommonly touching autobiographical work has been seen lately in **Drawn & Quarterly's** flagship anthology as well as **TWISTED SISTERS**. She already has one collection available from Fantagraphics, **THE JOB THING**, and is preparing a second one, **CAROL TYLER'S GREATEST ZITS**, for release in early 1996. We understand her husband also dabbles in comics and hope to have more news from the fellow in the future.

And bringing up the rear, we have the one and only **Mark Beyer**, perhaps the most distinctive artist of the "RAW" generation." Mr. Beyer has been laboring mightily on his weekly **Amy + Jordan** strip, with little time left over for such frivolities as full-length comics

stories, so those who do not have access to one of his client weeklies may not have seen his work for a long time. However, he has recently made available (through the estimable Fantagraphics Books catalog) a limited-edition European-published collection of those selfsame **Amy + Jordan** strips.

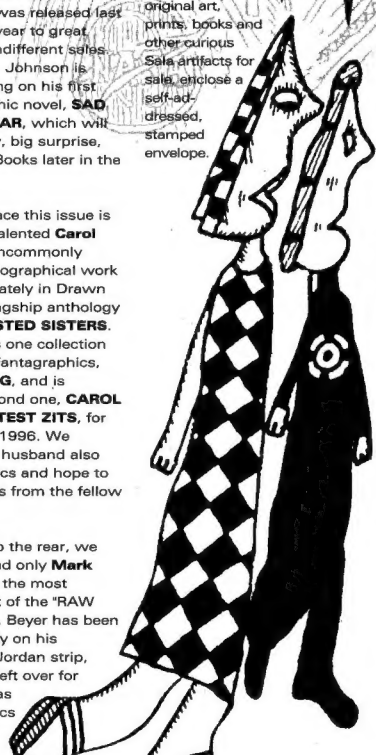
For those who were intrigued by **David Collier's** disquisition on the space program, Mr. Collier has prepared a reading list based on that issue's story; you can reach him at P.O. Box 84, Sashatoon, SK, Canada S7K 3K1 - or just write him to say hi.

You can also write to **Richard Sala** at: 2625 Alcatraz Avenue #183 Berkeley, CA 94705.

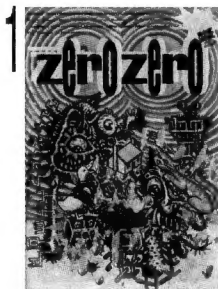
AHHHHHH

If you'd like to receive his list of original art, prints, books and other curious Sala artifacts for sale, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

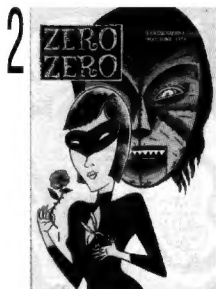
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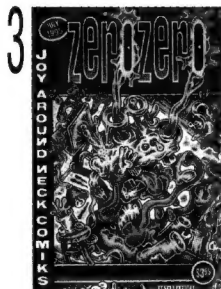
Back issues...



MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premiere! Bukowski & Moriarity! Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, Panter cover!



MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, first "Homunculus" by White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzuchelli, Stack, and Wayno!



JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Energizing Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Altergott's "Douché Bag Dougan!"

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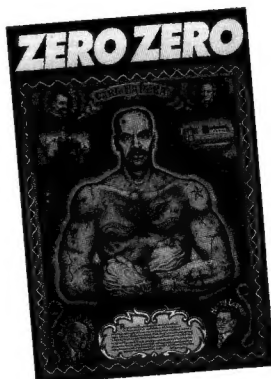
Next issue...



White!



Ware!



Coleman!



Andersson!



Collier!

...plus Kaz and Georgarakis, Kim Deitch, and a few surprises!

SIGNS OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE!



Sign the FOURTH

A slice of toast is bombarded by berries, while an amused couple speed by in a sports car. By **MARK BEYER**



\$3.95 \$5.50 can



